

This Is Not Your Grave

by One Final Stand

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Summary: Noble Six, one of only two hyper lethal vectors. A kill count second to only the Master Chief. One of Cortana's chosen Spartans. Follow his story as he fights in the Fall of Reach, The Great War and beyond.

1. Noble Actual

Okay! First time I've done this so it's a big thing for me. Anyway, welcome to the story; **_**This Is Not Your Grave**_**! I hope you enjoy, I've been itching to write a Halo fic for a while now. :) Toodles! ******

_Planet Reach, Outer Orbit, Orbital Defence Platform 3, July 2**__**nd**__**, 1100 HRS.**_**

B-312 looked out towards the planet where he was being stationed for the next god knows how long, and huffed out a sigh. While he knew that ONI command didn't mean for this to be a punishment publicly (he could read the inner workings of a straight up 'lie to their faces' act without even trying anymore), he couldn't help but feel it was that way.

Sent to a planet that the UNSC had an iron grip on, the Spartan III didn't see any reason for combat that he needed to be there. Resuming his gaze out towards the nebula surrounding Reach, his augmented hearing detected the sound of footsteps making their way towards his position on the starboard side of the ODP (Orbital Defence Platform).

"Lieutenant, Sir," a young male voice spoke. He turned towards him and acknowledged him with a simple grunt.

"Sir, you arrived here on your ship after the last cruiser departed for the surface, so you'll either have to pilot a Pelican down, wait here until the next cruiser arrives, or you can take an ODST pod down

to your required coordinates."

Considering the options available to him for a moment, the Spartan decided swiftly. He was, at heart, a man of action and he wiped out the second option without another thought. And he had always liked the ODS way of arriving

"I'll take an ODS pod, since I'm staying here for a while, might as well make a grand entrance."

"Yes sir, in that case please follow me to the drop pod wing then."

He stood silently and followed him without another word until they reached the room where B-312 was scheduled to make his drop onto Reach.

Satisfaction trickled throughout him when seeing there was no crowd gathered to give him orders, or ONI spooks with messages from the numerous divisions. That was slightly more the case, he admitted.

After climbing into the pod and receiving instructions on how to behave inside the pod, to which he rolled his eyes behind his blue tinted Operator helmet, the sound of klaxon sirens and a countdown blaring throughout his solo-man pod echoed into his helmet.

3 2 1

BAM! Solar winds rushed past the rapidly descending drop pod, casting a yellow glow through the interior, and an unending roaring racketing inside. Soon he no longer could see the stars as a fiery glow lit blocked all the windows.

After entering Reach's atmosphere, the glow ceased, and he saw that the ODS pod was descending towards a small hill. In the distance he saw the UNSC outpost; nothing permanent, just a command centre and a few barracks and such.

Impact in 5 4

Ignoring the voice blaring throughout the pod, he watched the ground rush closer, and closer, until the thrusters engaged and slowed his descent to a loud THUMP.

Rising swiftly, he kicked the door open, and was unimpressed to see no transport awaiting him for the trip North-East to the UNSC outpost he had seen during his drop. Sighing softly, he engaged his sprint ability and started running in the general direction he needed to go.

20 minutes later he heard the sound of an engine growling, and tires skidding on slickened rock and damp dirt. The sound drew closer and closer, until a Warthog rounded the corner and pulled a sloppy handbrake spin stop next to him, coming dangerously close to drenching his armour in mud.

"Lieutenant B-312?" A male voice rang out from the driver's seat, considerably louder than those on the Orbital Defence Station, a fact that the Spartan liked considerably.

Nodding in response, he relaxed his legs and waited for the man's response, which wasn't long in coming.

"Corporal Van Petrickoz, Sir. I've been ordered to pick you up and bring you to Command Outpost C-6, Sir."

"Okay soldier, let's go then."

Climbing into the 3 tonne land assault vehicle, he heard the suspension groan just slightly, which told him that this warthog was either an old style, without the new strengthened supports, or had just carried way too many Spartan II's or III's. He decided on the former after catching sight of the squeaky clean gearbox and steering wheel, untainted by dirt or grease, and the brand: Warthog ATV Type IV Land Assault Vehicle. An older warthog, the newest commissioned ones were the Type VI's.

The drive was rather short, which showed that he had covered quite a distance on foot before being picked up. Hearing a low pitched rumbling, whining sound reach his augmented ears, he turned and caught sight of two Falcons thundering down the plain behind them.

Swiftly being overtaken by them and disappearing over the next slight ridge, they roared over it and were suddenly metres from the Command Outpost that he was required to go to.

The warthog pulled up abruptly and without a word, he stood and jumped off, sticking his DMR to his magnetized gun holder. Walking with a steady pace around a stationary Falcon, he caught sight of a bald Spartan III, who was loading ammo into a SRS99-AM Sniper Rifle, armour-piercing rounds, he noticed. They didn't come cheap.

Continuing to walk, he heard the sounds of a transceiver crackling and a voice talking.

"All contact with VisA@grad Relay was lost last night. All contact flat-lined at 2300 HRS. I responded with trooper squad fire teams, which have since been declared, MIA."

"And now you're sending us."

A new voice, firm and strong, a Spartan he saw as he rounded the falcon and saw the building's entrance.

"ONI believes that deployment of a Spartan team is a gross misallocation of valuable resourcesâ€¦ I disagree."

Of course ONI would believe thatâ€¦ he thought snidely. As he made to walk inside, a robotic arm stopped him from doing so.

"Commander," the owner of the cyborg arm was female, not too much of a surprise, since some of the best SPARTAN recruits were female.

"Kat, you read his file?" This from a male Spartan with a skull carved into the faceplate of his EVA helmet. B-312 took a liking to

the guy already. He seemed to have a sadistic sense of humour, and that amused him for some reason.

"Only the parts that weren't covered in black ink." The female Spartan's voice started to play out a more Israeli accent, if his ears and knowledge were correct.

The guy who had spoken first; Commander, resumed his conversation with Colonel Holland.

"Do you have any idea who's responsible?"

"ONI thinks it may be the local insurrection. 15 months ago they pulled a similar job on Harmony; hit a relay to take out our eyes and ears, then stole two freighters from dry dock. That cannot happen here â€" Reach is too damn importantâ€" I want that relay back online Noble 1."

"Sir, consider it done." Commander or Noble 1 spoke, confirming the new mission to the Spartan's ears.

"Then I'll see you on the other side; Holland out."

With that, the Colonel cut off the channel and they were left listening to static. The Commander turned to B-312 and spoke.

"Lieutenant."

"Commander, Sir." B-312 returned without incident or hesitation.

"The name's Carter, or Noble 1, that's Kat, Noble 2, Emile and Jorge, 4 & 5."

B-312 nodded, as he associated the names with their images in his mind. Carter spoke again.

"You're riding with me Noble 6." Noble 6 gave a slight grunt as his only response, sliding into the new squad member role easily.

Carter continued, not taking 6's less than social answer as an insult.

"I'm not gonna lie to you Lieutenant, you're stepping into some shoes the rest of the team would rather leave unfilled. Me? I'm just happy to have Noble back up to full strength. Just one thing; I've seen your file; even the parts the ONI censors didn't want me too. But we're a team. That lone wolf stuff, stays behind, clear?"

While Noble 1 had been talking, they had walked out towards the two parked Falcons he had walked past only minutes earlier.

6 prepared to nod again, before realising that Carter was looking for a verbal response as confirmation.

"Got it, Sir." They sat down in the Falcons hold, and Carter gave a hand signal that was known military wide as 'let's go, or let's lift off.'

The bald sniper who had been sitting in the Falcon earlier turned to him and greeted him in a way.

"Welcome to Reach."

And done, I know the chapter was short, and most likely boring, but this was sort of just an intro I guess. Also, I'm not necessarily going to stick to cannon in everything. I will deviate at some points. Action and stuff will be in the next chapter, so be glad for that. :) This is just the 'Reach' arc of the story, and after I'm done with it, Master Chief will start appearing and have some sections of POV or entire chapters. Depends how I feel on it. Anyway, R&R!

**Until the next one. **

One Final Stand

SNEAK PEEK-CHAPTER-TWO-

Visãgrad Relay was a further distance than Six thought, some 200 miles that took a couple of hours or so by falcon. But now they were hovering above the station, not landing yet due to Kat talking to Carter urgently.

"We just lost all comms with command." Commander looked surprised for an instant before the Spartan inside him took control.

"Back-up channels?" He asked, as if already knowing what the answer would be.

"Searchingâ€¦ nada, can't say what's jamming us."

Jorge accessed the team comm channel and began speaking into it, "Sir, who would want to separate Reach from the rest of the colonies?"

"You get a chance maybe you can ask them Jorge." Noble 5 nodded, as if confirming that that was what he was going to do.

Six just lounged on his seat, eyes wandering over the surrounding forests. It was raining, not uncommon for Reach apparently, and it coated everything in a silvery, dewy covering.

As he continued looking randomly around, a glint suddenly flashed out of a sector of forest that was within half a click of the outer buildings of the relay station. Looking at it closely, he made out the shiny black surface of a military barrel, that attached to aâ€¦

Rocket Launcher.

An instant later, he yelled out; "Incoming!"

But the warning came too late. Twin streaks of fire blasted out of the barrel as two rockets blasted up into the sky, towards the circling Falcons.

The Falcon pilot that was carrying Kat, Jorge and Emile was skilled enough to evade the oncoming anti-air missile, and did so, but Six's

pilot reacted half a second too late, and the rocket smashed into the right engine with a sickening crash, and the shrieking and tearing of rending metal.

An explosion boomed, and black smoke and sparks belched from the engine, causing a power loss and rapid, crazily spinning descent from the bird.

Six locked his armour, and not a minute too soon as he was flung from the out of control Falcon, which he saw spin through the canopy and detonate its leaking fuel reserves with a massive whump, followed by the solid boom of an explosion.

2. Down To Three

Ok, I'm back and I've made a decision. The chapters will most likely contain one mission, and probably a little out-of-screen action. Hope you enjoy the chapter! :D

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Six hit the ground with a loud _whump that_ tore up the ground and created a long trench in which he was half covered by freshly churned up earth. No movement emanated from the site; since the Spartan had been knocked up by the fall.

A few minutes later though, the extremely hard gel like substance melted away and allowed Six to regain his full movement capacity, which let him sit up and brush the dirt off his armour, which, he noted with some satisfaction, had remained completely undamaged â€" no blemishes or scratches marred its edges and surfaces.

Standing up with a soft groan (his joints and muscles were a different story to his armour) he looked towards the site where the Falcon had gone down, which was marked quite clearly with a thick plume of black smoke, that was billowing around, due to the strong winds and the light rain that continued to fall.

Making the distance over, B-312 checked a radius of 15 metres around the falcon for weapons, bodies, and his fellow SPARTAN III squad-mates.

Noticing a line of trees that were splintered and disembowelled for no apparent reason, Six jogged swiftly towards it, and noticed a similar line of turned up ground, a tell-tale sign for the locked armour effect on the soft ground in the mountainous area.

Seeing a reddish visor covered in flecks of dirt, he swiped some of it away, and saw it was Jun, another SPARTAN III. Grabbing an armoured fore-arm, he heaved and lifted the guy with a great sucking sound coming from the ground as it fought to retain its prize.

After removing Jun from his trench, he disabled the same gel that he had removed moments earlier, and slapped him lightly on the helmet. In a few attempts, this resulted in a loud groan from the rapidly awakening Spartan, who swatted at Six's arm as if it was an annoying fly that he was endeavouring to remove.

Satisfied that he was going to be okay, B-312 returned to the crash site and found an MA-15 Assault Rifle that had all the original ammunition surrounding it, albeit with a few gore patches littered on it. The pilot probably didn't survive the crash. A quick count showed the gun had 600 armour-piercing rounds, plus the 32 already loaded in the gun. Finding a side-arm as well; a Magnum, left Six satisfied in the way of weapons for the moment, and he continued in his search to find Noble 1.

He came across a Designated Markman's Rifle, with a pile of ammo neatly placed next to it, which left Six puzzled for a moment, holding his weapon at the ready, before a familiar voice cut across his hearing.

"Stand down Noble Six, no contacts in sight."

He looked up to see Carter moving steadily towards his position, uninjured or harmed it seemed. And it explained the DMR that was about 2m behind him.

"Yes Sir."

Carter nodded, before continuing.

"Did you find Jun yet? I can't see his position due to the fact that my HUD got knocked about in the crash, should be up and running soon enough though."

Six nodded, "I found him, and he should be here any moment. My HUD seems fine though. I got knocked out earlier than the two of you I think. Impact still stunned me though, even with the new fancy armour lock gel."

"It still works though, and I'm sure ONI will be glad to hear it." Carter replied; already back into combat and reconnaissance mode. "Do you know where Kat, Jorge and Emile's Falcon went? There's no engine sound in the area."

Six shook his head, signalling he had no idea where the other half of Noble was. He was willing to bet that the pilot had gone to ground, considering the fact that there was an Innies with a Rocket Launcher running around in the woods somewhere.

A pair of footsteps, shaky, but strong, were making their way towards him and Carter. He turned to see Jun, with his customary SRS99-AM Sniper Rifle attached to his magnetic holder, and an MA-15 Assault Rifle in hand.

"Boss, the pilot's KIA. We have no transport out of here, and a bunch of Insurrectionists around the place, not to mention the fact that half our team is missing. What do we do?"

Carter sighed and nodded his head toward Jun, acknowledging that the sniper was correct, and trying to think of a way out of it.

"I know Jun, and things look pretty bad. But we have ammo, guns, and Six's HUD is working, which means if we get close enough, it will pick up the rest of the teams tags. For now, I say we move on the Innies's last-known position, try and grab him, or if that isn't possible, remove him."

Jun nodded, and they moved out, keeping a stealthy, spread out approach to not attract attention, but close enough to come to one another's aid if required. Soon enough, they reached the point that Six had seen the rocket fire its two rounds, and saw the discarded carriages on the forest floor.

Waving Carter over, he pointed wordlessly at the objects at his feet, and waited for the evaluation that the Commander saw fit for it.

"So the guy was here, and then bailed after he fired his two rounds. Do you think that he knows he got a hit?"

Jun spoke. "Boss, you could hear the crash for miles, I'm willing to bet."

B-312 grunted his support of Jun's statement. Not just the sound, but the light as the Falcon detonated would have been easily visible to whoever had been here.

"Alright then, keep moving, Six, you got point."

Taking up the middle of a slightly arrow-head shaped formation, Six stealthily navigated the forest in the direction he was sure the Innies had retreated towards. His steel coloured armour helped considerably as he stuck to the shadows created by the trees and leaves, avoiding all and any rotten logs and sticks, and the sound made by the soft crunching of leaves was hardly there, even to the augmented Spartan hearing he possessed.

Several hundred metres later, they emerged at the edge of the forest, into the farmland that sprawled across the mountain, straddled it at the top, and repeated the process on the other slopes.

Scanning the area, he saw a humanoid figure running up the steps of a cluster of old low lying buildings which looked abandoned.

Looking at Noble 1, he could tell that the Spartan had seen it as well, and if he had, then there was no question if Jun had; when you were a sniper, you had to be alert for every foreign movement that might happen.

Slowly, they moved through the field, closing in on the targeted building. When they got less than 20 metres away from it, they heard a loud scream, punctuated by an even louder _inhuman _roar. Deathly silence followed.

"Noble, move in, and if sighted, evaluate and engage any threat in that house, clear?"

"Yes Sir," he shot back quickly, adrenaline flooding through him.

"Let's do it Boss," came the answer of Jun, quick, but not as fast as Six had been.

Entering the abandoned structure, Six activated his night-vision, and silently crept into the next room, MA-15 rifle out and cocked, the safety off and in the ready position.

Entering the room, he quickly jumped behind an overturned piece of furniture, a table he made out in the gloom. Carter followed and leapfrogged past him, behind a decaying couch. Six then moved past Carter and took cover behind the door jamb, checking that the rest of the room was clear before moving on.

Three more rooms were cleared in this fashion before Jun caught sight of the dead body lying in the middle of the carpet, a puddle of liquid that looked ominously crimson pooled under and around him.

He had no ID tags, but he was carrying UNSC weapons â€" a magnum and an SMG to be precise. Six identified him as an Insurrectionist straight away, and they concluded he was the one who had shot down the Falcon earlier, due to the Rocket Launcher ammunition in his rucksack.

The Commander identified his cause of death as a gruesome spine break, which had pierced the skin, due to the bone sticking out the back of his neck, and the amount of blood.

In the next room they encountered yet _more _dead Innies bodies, 7 total, except they had been slashed across the throat, from ear to ear. The cuts themselves looked like gruesome smiley faces, with bits of muscle and purplish veins hanging out, the white of bone shining clearly at the back of the breaches.

Six was beyond puzzled right now, but he shoved all the swirling thoughts into the back of his mind for analysis later. Right now he needed to concentrate on finding whatever it was that had done this to the Insurrectionists, and then get the hell back to the rest of Noble to complete the mission and get out.

They encountered nothing more in the house, and emerged into a courtyard, beyond which was nothing less than a sheer rock face, going up about 30m to the mountain top.

"Let's get up there Noble, we need a good vantage point, and Jun might be able to pick something out."

The climb would have been excruciating for a regular human without a harness, but it was relatively simple for the Spartans, who were much taller than the average human anyway; about 7.6 feet without armour and 8-9 feet with it on. They just reached toward the next ledge, and heaved themselves up using sheer arm strength.

The top was a small plateau, leading to a bluff with more farmland and a smoking Warthog down near a cluster of structures.

"Distress beacon down there, Sir, near the wrecked Warthog," Six said, who had identified the beacon down there, using his HUD.

"Good work Six, alright Noble, let's get down there and check it out, watch the approach. Spread out, Jun, I want your eyes looking for any suspicious activity."

"Sure thing Boss," Jun acknowledged.

They jumped the 20 feet or so down to the next bluff, blowing out their shields as they did so, but they recharged swiftly and without trouble.

Rounding a large rock emplacement, Six was about to circle around and come onto the Warthog from behind when he heard a shotgun cock next to his head.

Quick as a snake, he swung his arm and knocked the shotgun off aim, lashing out with a kick at the same time into the armour of his quarry, sending him/her stumbling. Not wanting to lose his advantage, B-312 charged forward and followed up with a right hook into the

visor of his foe, taking a left swing into his side as he did so.

Not knowing whether the blow would do any damage or just stun momentarily, the Spartan kicked the legs out from under the Spartan, as he saw now, and pinioned the Spartans arms behind its back, knocking the shotgun a few feet away, as a safety measure.

Kneeling onto the Spartan caused it to groan loudly as he tried in vain to free his arms. Six caught sight of the EVA helmet and the skull etched into the visor, and looked down at the stuck Noble 4.

"Emile?"

"No shit, who else do you think!? Now let me the hell up, before I bash your skull in."

Six grunted humourlessly, before rising and kicking the shotgun back into Emile's reach.

"Where are the others?"

"Kat and Jorge are doing the same to Commander and 3 as I tried to do to you."

Six smirked behind his visor, he had bested the shotgun wielding SPARTAN III and Emile knew it. Whether he would let him forget it was a different matter all together. Emile turned and began walking, with Six following back to where the team was.

Walking towards the rest of the squad, he saw the crystal blue of Kat's armour, and the yellow and brown of Jorge's, alongside Commander and Jun. Commander brought them up to speed on events, and Jorge told them that their pilot had gone for backup, since there was no radio transmissions in the current 'dead zone.'

Six wondered why his HUD hadn't shown his team-mates tags, and concluded that the crash must have damaged it a little. Still, it was better than nothing.

Commander began talking again, calling for attention to be focused on him. "Ok, now that we're a full squad again, we can continue with our given mission. Let's go investigate that distress beacon that we were headed too."

Everyone gave the affirmative, and they jogged down the steep gradient of the slope.

Emile reached down and swiped some timber off the ground, exposing a bright red object that was glowing brightly.

"I've located the distress beacon."

Carter nodded, and the team looked at the Warthog for a moment longer. Kat spoke next.

"Why are we not seeing any explosive residue on the ground?"

Commander shot off a question to Jun; "Jun, can you confirm any EX residue in the area?"

"Hmm, negative Boss," came the reply.

"Plasma maybeâ€|" this from Emile, which was quickly counter, acted by Jorge, who dismissed the statement.

"Can't be, not on Reach."

Emile accepted that Jorge didn't want to consider the notion if it actually_ was _plasma explosive residue around the hog.

"There's a lot of blood on the ground," Emile stated.

Carter took the reins again before another tangent ensued.

"Alright Noble, looks like there's nothing here, let's keep moving. There's smoke coming from the nearest buildings, let's check it out."

The team began moving again, with Emile on point, and Six following behind him. They came to the entrance of the house Noble 1 had mentioned, and in an almost exact replica of what they did before in the previous farmhouse, checked the area and came to a sort of shed type building that had the doors slightly askew.

There were bodies in here, farmer, colonists. They had been lying peacefully before being slaughtered. Like the Innies, their throats had been slit, and the blood pools were congealing into a crusty red and black substance, quite literally everywhere: on the walls, ceiling and windows. Drips of the half dried stuff was making a steady pattern not unlike to dripping water off stalactites, but the knowledge of what it actually was made the sound seem impure somehow.

And yet it continued; _Dripâ€| Dripâ€| Dripâ€| Dripâ€|_

Without speaking, the team wheeled around and went back outside the shed, the sight they had just witnessed making them feel ill, except for B-312, who had seen far worse many times.

"Boss, the next structures door is open, should we check it out?"

"Affirmative Jun, let's move it Noble, double time."

They sprinted across the bridge and up the hill to the next building, where they were met with the sight of one of the fire teams.

Hung up on meat hooks and scattered on the ground, the team had been tortured. For what nobody knew, but that didn't make the sight any less gruesome, seeing as these were actual UNSC Marines. And Colonel Holland's handpicked to be placed in an advanced training course for fire teams, to be exact.

The now familiar sight of blood spattered the ground, and inhuman footprints tracked the concrete. They looked somewhat avian. And they ringed an ominous bell in B-312's mind. He wasn't sure what it was yet though.

The sound of thumping snapped him out of his thoughts, as a red dot crossed across his motion tracker. Bringing the Assault Rifle up and ready, he crossed to the exit, and swept his gun over the roof.

There was nothing there. Like the red dot had just been his imagination. But it wasn't and Six knew it.

Suddenly, a blur passed across his field of vision, a distortion in the surroundings, like an optic cloak. The blur passed into a building, and he charged after it, drawing his combat knife as he did so. It wasn't as big as Emile's kukri, but it was at least 4 inches larger than the standard Marine knife.

Following the fast moving warp proved easy; the wearer must have thought it was away from prying eyes for now, and tracked it all the way until it was almost at a corner.

Six took a chance, and leaped at the blur, latching onto a hard surface, and knocking it into a concrete and steel upright pillar. A fist slammed into his leg, causing a dull pain to well up, but he ignored it and acted quickly, before he lost the element of surprise.

Switching the combat knife in his hands into a reverse grip, he plunged it into the unseen foe half a dozen times in quick succession, hoping to hit a vital spot. Luck proved to be on his side when he heard a dying choking sound, and the faint fizz of a shield dissolving.

Lying dead with a stab wound to the throat and multiple to its body was a Covenant Elite.

Six looked at it with wide eyes and a shocked mind, head reeling from the implications.

"Jesus, no!"

Only after a few minutes did he hear Carter yelling for him, and he stood and made his way outside, cleaning his blade on the Elite as he went.

When he emerged outside, he saw the rest of Noble Team gathered there, looking around for him. He saw Carter about to scold him for disappearing on the team, and lifted a hand to stop him.

"I need you all to follow me," Carter immediately caught the grim and worried tone of voice, and started walking. The rest of the team hung back, until Six saw it and added to his sentence; "Now."

He brought them to the dead Optical Stealth Elite, and got a mixed bunch of reactions from the group.

Jorge shook his head sadly, as if the news that this was really happening was overwhelming him. Kat just stared at the corpse, not doing anything. Jun and Commander with the same type of reaction, except that Jun cursed bitterly a few times.

Emile swung his shotgun round and blasted a round right through the

Elite, sending shudders up the pillar. No one questioned Emile's reaction, just let him get it out of him.

Six just stood there, and watched the rest of them, acknowledging Carters slow walk into the next room, while everyone else just stood there, dumb founded.

Which caught them all off guard when Carter started yelling, "Contact, contact!"

****Done, a longer chapter here thought you all would appreciate it. :) So I decided to split the mission into two parts because A: I added a large part in the beginning, and B: The canon is changed quite a bit so I need some time to formulate an appropriate chapter to keep it all in balance. R&R!****

****Until the next one.****

****One Final Stand****

****SNEAK-PEEK-CHAPTER-THREE-****

"Contact, contact!" The rest of the team scrambled to catch up to Carter, who was firing his DMR in rapid bursts, followed by the low keeling and wallowing of the opposing forces, which were Covenant, B-312 noted as he skidded around and opened fire on a Jackal Sniper with his Magnum side-arm.

Another squad of Grunts and Jackals ran up, taking cover behind hay bales. Seeing a group of Skirmishers sprint into the basement, he moved toward the stairs at the same time Commander was giving the order too.

Seeing a pair of fragmentation grenades lying next to a pair of motionless Marines, Six scooped them up with the thought; _these guys won't need them anymore at least._

Swapping his pistol for his MA-15 Assault Rifle, he stormed down the stairs and gunned three of the Skirmishers down, while charging toward the fourth, which had a second to squawk in terror before he landed a direct hit on its face, hearing the satisfying crack of neck bones shattering.

Nobles 4 and 2 followed him down and started whittling away the remaining Jackals, leaving Six to deal with the 5 foot Grunt ground troops.

Most of them were hiding behind the hay bales in the centre, so the Spartan tossed a frag grenade to the right of it, causing all but two of them to squeal and sprint away from the grenades range.

The grenade detonated, killing the two Grunts who had stayed instantly, by sending a wave of metal slivers into their bodies, as well as the explosion which knocked them senseless anyway.

The crowd of grunts broke left and dived behind cover again, this time behind a large tank marked; ****DANGER: EXPLOSIVE LIQUID****, and then some Spanish or Hungarian gibberish which Six didn't understand.

Grinning, he tossed his remaining grenade at the tank, aiming for the bottom, and wedging it against the tank and the ground, with the unsuspecting Grunts behind it.

One, one thousand. Two, one thousand. Threeâ€¦|

3. Rebels Don't Leave Plasma Burns

****Back again, just wanted to say thanks a heap for the reviews; they mean a lot as a starting Fanfic writer, and it helps to keep my confidence up. Thanks a lot guys, I owe you. :) Oh, and I got a PM asking about the characters in the story. MC will be in it, just not sure whether to put little snippets of his POV in random missions I can create or just wait until after the Reach Arc ends and it will be necessary to add him in. What do you guys think? And thanks a heap for 300 + views! :D****

"_Contact, contact!" The rest of the team scrambled to catch up to Carter, who was firing his DMR in rapid bursts, followed by the low keeling and wallowing of the opposing forces, which were Covenant, B-312 noted as he skidded around and opened fire on a Jackal Sniper with his Magnum side-arm._

_Another squad of Grunts and Jackals ran up, taking cover behind hay bales. Seeing a group of Skirmishers sprint into the basement, he moved toward the stairs at the same time Commander was giving the order too. _

Seeing a pair of fragmentation grenades lying next to a pair of motionless Marines, Six scooped them up with the thought; these guys won't need them anymore at least.

Swapping his pistol for his MA-15 Assault Rifle, he stormed down the stairs and gunned three of the Skirmishers down, while charging toward the fourth, which had a second to squawk in terror before he landed a direct hit on its face, hearing the satisfying crack of neck bones shattering.

_Nobles 4 and 2 followed him down and started whittling away the remaining Jackals, leaving Six to deal with the 5 foot Grunt ground troops. _

_Most of them were hiding behind the hay bales in the centre, so the Spartan tossed a frag grenade to the right of it, causing all but two of them to squeal and sprint away from the grenades range. _

The grenade detonated, killing the two Grunts who had stayed instantly, by sending a wave of metal slivers into their bodies, as well as the explosion which knocked them senseless anyway.

_The crowd of grunts broke left and dived behind cover again, this time behind a large tank marked; __**DANGER: EXPLOSIVE LIQUID**__, and then some Spanish or Hungarian gibberish which Six didn't understand. _

Grinning, he tossed his remaining grenade at the tank, aiming for the bottom, and wedging it against the tank and the ground, with the unsuspecting Grunts behind it.

One, one thousand. Two, one thousand. Threeâ€¦|

The grenade exploded violently, igniting the fuel inside the tank, which just disappeared in a halo of blindingly orange and silver light, before the noise of what seemed a MAC strike struck them.

The grunts behind were just obliterated, the shells of armour blackened, scorched and peeled away revealing the charred and distorted flesh of the aliens.

Moving out from the building, Noble Team swept the area with their arms, ensuring there was no more Covenant hiding in wait or fear. Six caught sight of a Phantom Dropship disembarking more troops onto the other side of a small stream, which was spanned by a rickety old steel construct bridge.

"Boss, I have visual on enemy Dropship deploying more bogies."

"Affirmative Jun, Noble, move out across the bridge and flank the contacts. We'll catch them in a pincer movement. Six and Four, you're on the flank side, get out there and wait until I give the order, clear?"

"Affirmative," gave Six, and waited for Emile, who just nodded in response and hefted his shotgun menacingly.

Making sure to keep out of sight of the mixed Covenant Ground Troop Squad, which contained yet more Grunts, Skirmishers and Jackals, Six and Four skirted around a few large outcrops of rock, and took a position in which it would be terrifyingly easy to come onto the skittish aliens from behind, taking them out with ease.

"Move Noble, Emile, Six, move in and we'll take them from the front."

Emile charged forward without a word, leaving Six to answer with another 'affirmative' and dash after him before he did something questionably risky and idiotic.

The two SPARTAN's crashed into the Covies from behind, causing the already disoriented troops to scatter and break form, leaving them easy prey for the other four members of the squad.

They made short work of the enemy contacts and Carter spoke into his comm.

"Stand down Noble, stand down. Contacts neutralised."

"Contacts," Jorge spat, "It's the damn Covenant."

"We knew that anyway." Jun put in helpfully, which really didn't help at all, as Jorge swung a heavy glare onto him.

Emile started talking now. "Cheer up big man, this whole valley just turned into a free fire zone."

Six snorted, knowing that Emile would be the one to say that, the shotgun wielding maniac had reminded him of a slogan that had been placed on another SPARTAN that was pretty much identical to Emile in

nature: _"He may say that what he wants is to win the war, but what he really wants is for the enemy to die."_

It seemed to fit Emile's personality just as well as that Alpha Company member that he could hardly remember. It was a long time ago now, and he was pretty sure the guy was dead. Or MIA, whatever the hell it was these days, with ONI messing with it all the time.

Another drop ship appeared from behind a nearby peak, and descended until it was near a cliff and a rock wall, with some buildings and hay bales scattered around for opportunistic cover, if required.

He didn't see what disembarked off the Spirit, but he could definitely hear it, as Elites roared a Sangheili battle cry in their native tongue. Peeking out from behind a boulder, Six caught sight of 9 foot tall aliens in plated white armour; Ultra Class Elites than. At least they weren't Zealots or Field Marshals even.

They were hefting Concussion Rifles, Plasma Rifles and Repeaters. They were also armed with a bandolier of Plasma Grenades, or stickies as B-312 liked to call them.

"Engage and remove all hostiles Noble, you know what to do."

The rest of Noble immediately moved forward and engaged the Grunts and Ultra's that permeated the area.

Six exchanged his MA-15 Assault Rifle for his .44 Magnum, for better accuracy, considering the considerable distance still between the two forces. Moving fluidly and with a liquid like precision that had earned him his title as Hyper Lethal, he selected a grunt for a target and squeezed off a round.

Instant headshot, as brain, blood and bone exploded into a fine mist that was only further accentuated by the green methane gas that billowed out from the severed gasmask. While this was happening, he quickly cycled through the remaining Unggoy, taking them down with quick, precise headshots until only the Elites remained, which the other 5 members of Noble had already engaged.

All of the aliens were focused on the Spartans, and Six took the opportunity to circle around behind them, hoping to catch at least one by surprise. To his immediate annoyance however, a Major Class Elite was holding the rear unseen, and quickly saw Six and yelled a challenge, mandibles split wide in anger and bloodlust.

It never got to finish its war cry, because Six's lengthened combat knife had been thrown with point blank accuracy into the back of its throat, causing it to gurgle in surprise before collapsing to the ground.

Jogging over silently, Six retrieved his knife, wincing by the barest margin as his armoured hand plunged through blue xenophobic blood and gore, until he felt the pommel of his knife. To his good fortune, the Ultra's hadn't noticed their rear guard was dead, which enabled him to creep up on the Sangheili holding the Concussion Rifle, the weapon that was causing the most havoc amongst the Spartan Team.

Silently, sprinting up, the Ultra felt the barest of air pressure

changes, and made to turn, but it was already far too late for it. The deadly SPARTAN III leapt from its knee, onto its back and stabbed his knife through its neck, causing it to drop, lifeless. With the major threat keeping the other members of Noble in cover gone, the two other Ultra's were made quick work of, as a hailstorm of lead disposed of their energy shielding swiftly, causing gouts of blue and purple blood to erupt from the gaps in their now useless armour.

Noble Team regrouped about 50 metres past where the last fire fight had ended.

"Kat, I need you at that relay outpost. We've got to warn Holland."

"Agreed Commander, but we have no air transport to ensure a quick trip."

"I know that Kat. Jun, scan the area, see if there's any type of transport available that can move faster than ourselves." Silence ensued for a moment as Jun ran his thermal systems and scanned the valley head they were in.

"Boss, scans show two local transport vehicles 150 metres South-East of your position. Maybe Kat could get up to that relay in thatâ€¦"

"Affirmative Jun, go with Kat, Emile, you too. Me, Jorge and Six will run interference on the ground, try and distract them while Kat cracks open the doors to VisÃ©grad. Understood?"

A chorus of 'yes sir's', and 'affirmatives' greeted him, and he gestured for Nobles 2, 3 and 4 to get moving.

"Get to work Noble."

After half the team had split off to get to the relay station, Six, Commander and Jorge moved to the second vehicle they had found, which alarmingly wouldn't start, until Six kicked it on the hood, leaving a dent in the thin sheet metal, and sending a spluttering, coughing through the exhaust, which didn't sound like a very healthy engine at all to Six's ears.

He got into the driver's seat, while Carter got into the passenger seat beside him. Jorge, after glancing between his machine gun turret, and the flatbed back of the vehicle, jumped onto said flatbed and placed his gun down onto the railing joining the cab of the vehicle to the flatbed, spreading his legs to take the strain of turning and positioning.

Six gunned the throttle and the utility vehicle sped off the mark, churning up gouts of mud from its back tires, due to the rainfall that was still continuing. Swerving around some large boulders, Six caught sight of some Skirmishers on what seemed like guard duty beside the road.

The engine roared as Six pushed down the accelerator further, racing towards the Skirmishers who had only just caught sight of the onrushing truck and were squawking wildly as they attempted to evade it, but to no avail. Two were crushed with alarming suddenness, while

the third leaped up and was clipped by the windshield, sending it spinning into a tree, where it crumpled to the ground, dazed.

Slamming on the handbrake, Six pulled the truck into a half spin, enabling Jorge to open fire on the groggy alien, which was mowed down immediately by the hail of armour piercing rounds.

Continuing on, the SPARTAN Team crossed a concrete bridge that was crumbling with age, cracks and moss littering its surface. Six winced gingerly as he crossed the bridge, hoping to whatever god there was that it wouldn't collapse under the combined weight of the truck and the trio of SPARTAN III's. Thankfully, it held though, and they continued on towards a community of buildings hidden in the shadows of a mountain range.

The utility vehicle slid smoothly to a stop alongside a low concrete wall, and almost immediately the high pitched shrieks and warbling of the grunts were heard. Six ran around to the left, while Carter and Jorge took the right.

He came to a low concrete and steel overpass, which opened out onto the opposite side, showing a track leading downwards to a sharp right angle turn. The overpass doubled as a garage, as B-312 gauged that even a Warthog ATV Type VI Land Assault Vehicle could easily have enough room to spare underneath it.

A glowing blue sphere flew through the air, coming from an open doorway on the right, straight past the blue tinted visor on his MJOLNIR Operator Division Helmet. He cursed loudly for his carelessness, thankful that his comms weren't open at the time, for he was sure that Emile or someone else would laugh at his unluckiness.

Directly after the grenade was thrown, a hail of needler rounds and plasma pistol charges followed, impacting on his armour and draining his shields by half. Ducking into cover, he systematically returned fire with his .44 Magnum, taking down a Grunt or Jackal every time he fired the weapon, until only a few remained.

Sprinting out of cover, he crushed the skull of the first grunt by pistol whipping it, while the second suffered a similar fate. He lobbed a sticky grenade behind the last two Jackals who had their shields up in an interlocking phalanx pattern. The plasma detonated and the aliens instantly died from the super heated plasma blast, not to mention the concussion wave.

The last remaining Covenant was another Major Class Sangheili with a Plasma Rifle in hand. He swapped weapons to his MA-15 Assault Rifle and hosed the Elite's shielding with a full clip of the FMJ Armour Piercing Rounds. The shielding couldn't withstand the combined firepower of Six's rifle and Jorge's customized machine turret. With a roar of anger, the Sangheili's head combusted in a spray of bright blue blood and sickening strands of meaty flesh that looked suspiciously like brain and nerve tissue.

This was due to the DMR bullet that had been fired the instant the Elite's shielding had failed. The DMR in question belonged to Carter, who was standing off to the side, smoke curling up and out of the barrel of the weapon in his armoured hands.

"Let's keep moving Noble, looks like we were too late for this community."

As a fellow SPARTAN, Six could easily read Carter's voice, and could tell that the Commander felt disgusted with himself and sorrowful for not making it in time to help these people from the Covenant.

Once back in the truck, Noble Six disengaged the breaks, and accelerated through the bypass he had been distracted by earlier, taking the corner at an easy pace, before slowing at another Covenant patrol, which held more Grunts, Elites and Jackals.

Commander and Jorge immediately leaped from the vehicle, as Six pumped the throttle and mowed half a dozen of them down, sending a Jackal with a blood red energy shield flying several metres into the air, and off a cliff edge, chuckling when he heard the vulture headed creature squawk loudly with surprise and fear in its voice, as it saw what its fate was going to be.

Looking around, he saw that a trio of elites and several Grunts had taken supposed advantage of his momentary stillness, and had surrounded his truck, opening fire on it with Needlers, Plasma Repeaters and the worst weapon of the Covenant arsenal; the Plasma Pistol. But the combined fire was still melting the trucks useless sheet metal.

Thinking quickly, B-312 removed a stick of his precious collection of C-4 Plastic Explosives from his Tactical/Soft Case and set the timer for remote activation. Seeing that Jorge and Carter were out of the blast radius, fighting with two more Ultra Class Sangheili, Six jumped out of his seat, activated his Sprint armour ability, and broke through a gap in the encirclement.

Taking cover behind a collection of rocks almost upon the river's edge, Six thumbed the detonator switch, waiting for the perfect moment in which every Covenant troop near the vehicle would be annihilated from the blast that was to come, and then flicked the switch.

**BANG! **The resulting explosion cremated all the Covies within a 10 metre radius, while more were cooked within their armour, as the intense heat wave charred their organs and flesh.

Surprisingly, a Grunt methane tank sputtered out of the smoke, and detonated on top of another Grunt, which started a chain reaction, almost like a serpent on the trail of Unggoy. The end of the line was a lowly Grunt troop worker, the ones that all the more experienced Unggoy laughed at for the sheer reason of laughing at someone.

Said alien watched the latest methane projectile set on target for him, and let out a scream of sheer terror as it attempted to run away from its inevitable doom, as the tank caught up quickly and detonated.

Jorge, who was looking on at the site, turned to B-312 and spoke with an amused tone.

"What is it with you and explosions Six? First the gasoline tank back up at the farm area and now here."

Six shrugged and responded. "I like to spice things up a bit."

He heard Emile give a short bark of laughter, and realised that this was on the team COM Channel. Tensing up for a minute, he prepared for the admonishments from Commander, like all his previous squad leaders and Mendez, before realising after a few long seconds it wasn't coming.

Odd, it felt strange to not be scolded for having his way on killing Covies, but considering he was in a combat zone at that moment, stored it away in the back of his head for later analysis.

Refocusing on his surroundings, he saw that Nobles 1 and 5 were making their way across the river, following the sounds of more Grunts, and a lone Elite roaring.

Within minutes, the Covenant troops had been eliminated, and another truck located and running a lot smoother than the previous one that now was a heap of scrap metal.

"_Boss, I'm receiving a transmission from some UNSC personal."_ Jun's voice crackled to life inside their speakers.

"_Mayday, Mayday, this is Fire-team 3 Charlie Six, does anybody read? We were attacked by Covenant forces, the Covenant are on Reach, repeat, the Covenant are on Reach."_

Carter responded instantaneously, "Could be the missing troopers, let's check it out."

There was silence for a moment, as Six prepared to gun the motor, when Jun spoke again.

"_No disrespect, but don't we have more to do than round up strays?"_

"We don't leave anyone behind," rebutted Carter firmly. The comm crackled as Jun disconnected.

Six pulled away into a grove of trees, following a well worn track around the side of a massive outcropping of rock.

Once again, Jun's voice broke through on the channel, "_Commander, picking up another signal within the next 500 m to the south-east."_

"_Were under attack, repeat, mayday, mayday, 3 Charlie Six, were under attack by the Covenant, I've got wounded, cannot hold this position_" The COM transmission then cut.

"We need to find those troopers now."

The truck skidded around a final corner, coming upon a lone Covenant Spirit Class Dropship, dropping off a Minor Elite, and multiple grunts. Noble abandoned the truck, and fell upon the coincided Covenant force from behind, sowing chaos and dissention amongst the ranks.

Discipline broken, the force of SPARTAN's and UNSC Marines ran rampant through the Covies, eliminating them as they attempted to run away from the imposing Spartan figures that were decimating their comrades.

A marine, that held the rank of Corporal due to the rank markings on the pocket of his left breast tiredly walked up to them; "Spartans? Corporal Travis, 3 Charlie, sir. It's the Covenantâ€¦"

Carter took the lead, seeing as he was squad leader. "We know Corporal, just got to hold 'em off a little longer, until we can get you some evac."

As if on cue, three Spirit Class Dropship's appeared over a distant mountain peak, and began gliding in their direction.

"Incoming!" A UNSC Marine holding a Designated Marksmen Rifle called out. Six, seeing this walked up to said trooper and gestured to the DMR.

"Mind if we do a swap? I got an MA-15, full clip plus 457 extra ammo." The marine looked thoughtful for a moment before nodding and taking the proffered Assault Rifle in exchange for the DMR.

Six checked the clip and ammo count, happy to see a full clip in, while slightly disappointed that there was only 17 rounds left besides the 15 shot clip. Casting his eyes around, he saw another DMR lying next to a motionless marine. Saddened, he took the rifle with the thought that at least this guy didn't need it anymore.

With the extra ammunition procured with the second DMR, he now had a full 5 clips he could use, as well as more still in the Rifle that was on the ground.

The hiss of plasma bolts sputtering and popping through the air alerted him to the arrival of the Covenant transports. Masses of the aliens leaped to the ground, and the battle field turned into a whirlwind of light, noise and action.

It became a free for all, with the goal being just to eliminate the Covenant forces. It was the first time since B-312 had joined NOBLE that he could sink back into his lone wolf style of fighting, and he utilized it.

Using his DMR to great effect, Six took out every xenophobic creature that was present that did not have an energy shield encasing them, namely the Grunts and Jackals. There had been no Brutes lifted in yet, which he took as a good sign. The primitive, barbaric creatures that went into a rage in the middle of a battle could up end a Warthog and tear ODST's in half, this from personal experience, and with a small squad of marines that were already weakened from injuries and KIA's, they would be decimated by them.

With the Elites, he and the marine he had traded off with earlier worked together to remove them. The marine would fire a burst of Assault Rifle fire until the shields popped, then Six would efficiently head shot the said Elite before its energy shielding could recharge, before immediately moving on to the next.

The waves never seemed to end, B-312 frequently caught glimpses of

Nobles 1 & 5 fighting on the other side of the clearing, knocking down their opponents with unparalleled ease.

For a moment, there seemed to be a lull in the fighting, giving the humans a breather, but that was short lived when Banshee's could be heard boosting towards their position. Six, who was already tense, grew extremely worried. While the SPARTANS could take a hit or two from the agile one man air fighter, the marines definitely couldn't, and a bombing was completely unsurvivable, for both of them.

The lead banshee was just appearing round the corner of the nearest mountain peak, before it exploded into pieces, crashing down into the valley.

"_UNSC Air Division Bravo Squadron is on station and ready for action, need a hand Spartans?"_

Six breathed a heavy sigh of relief, just about to key the comm to return greetings and thank the original Falcon pilot who must have gotten word back to the HIGHCOM and Holland, but Carter cut in first.

"Affirmative Bravo Squadron, request immediate evac and elimination of all Covenant forces in the LZ area."

"_Copy that Noble 1, moving to evac and destroy."_

More explosions could be heard, and another fire fight could be heard as the Falcon squad engaged the circling Banshees, while 2 Falcons split off and landed.

"Six, this is our ride to Visiograds Relay, group of Falcons from Bravo Squadron are gonna give us a hand with the Covies already there, let's move."

Climbing into the hold of the Falcon, Six began to check the ammo and condition of all his weapons, while Commander checked in with Kat.

"Noble 2, sit rep."

"_Were at the relay outpost, took us a damn long amount of time to get here though, main bridge got blown. And the doors locked. Mechanisms been flash fused."_

"Can you beat it?"

"_Is my middle name Mary? Of course I can, I'll dial up my torch, cut a way through. Going to take some time though."_

"Ok, were en route to your location, Noble 1 out." The COM cut with a burst of static.

By the time they reached the comm outpost, they had been engaged by multiple Banshee patrols, in which Six had been forced to take the grenade launcher attached to the side and shoot them down with it.

Looking down into the main courtyard, B-312 resisted the urge to groan as he saw yet more Covenant ground troops assaulting the open

doors to the relay building.

The pilot of their Falcon called out through the comm; "Were approaching the com outpost."

"Drop her in the courtyard." The pilot attempted to protest Carter's statement.

"LZ's a little hot sir-"

"Put her down pilot, Six, breaks over."

B-312 rolled his eyes under the visor; it should have been obvious he was on high alert the entire time they were in the air.

Leaping out of the aerial vehicle onto the concrete of the courtyard, his shields immediately dropped by a third as he came under fire from multiple Unggoy hefting plasma pistols.

Once he and the rest of Noble had eliminated the rest of the Covenant forces, Carter turned to Kat.

"How we doing Kat?"

"Taking a little longer than I hoped Commander, I've cut about halfway through the door."

"Contact," Emile warned. The Spartan III's tensed, awaiting the arrival of yet more Covies.

But it never happened, aggressive attacking fire from the group of Falcons destroyed the Spirit's main engine, sending it crashing to the ground and crushing all of the troops waiting within.

"Done," Kat yelled out, as the doors began to whir close slowly.

"Everyone inside, go, go, go!" Ordered Commander, who was watching the engagement between the UNSC and Covenant air forces.

Everyone made it in, as the doors shut, sealing NOBLE in, and the sounds of the battle out.

****Done, sorry this took so long to get up, been busy as hell for the past few days. I didn't put a sneak peek up this chapter, for reasons that I will keep hidden for now. See you all in the next chapter!****

****~One Final Stand****

4. A Skeleton Crew Indeed

****So I'm trying to get another chapter up reasonably quickly, hopefully I can get it done. Thanks so much for 700+ views! Can't believe my crappy writing skills have got me so far. :) I also did a number of changes in canon, because I didn't really enjoy the last part of the chapter ****~**Skeleton Crew**~**** Enjoy!****

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The door shut, and multiple whirs and clicks could be heard as the 3 foot thick titanium doors locks engaged and moved into position, enabling that nothing could get through short of a Spartan Laser. Or multiple shots from a Rocket Launcher or a Covenant Fuel Rod. Heavy artillery, you get the idea.

No lights were activated, presumably because the Covenant had disabled the stations relay, and the buildings active systems, which wasn't too much of a problem for the SPARTAN's, due to the nature of their augmentations.

Commander gave a hand signal and the team advanced down the darkened corridor, making multiple left turns before coming across an active security light. A male body lay in a pool of blood underneath said light, a civilian male dressed like a scientist in his mid 60's or so.

"Number 6, search that body."

Kat gave her first order as second-in-command of Noble. B-312 walked up and knelt beside the dead civilian.

Cause of death seemed to be two points in his chest, followed by massive cauterized entry wounds on either side of his spine.

An energy sword for sure. The only question that remained, was, where was the wielder now? As he lifted the guy up, a data chip of some sort fell out of the coats left breast pocket, something which he promptly snatched up and held up for Kat's eventual inspection as she faced the silent machines lining the walls.

"Damnâ€¦ Plasma damage."

"Found something."

"I'll take that Six, not your domain."

The way she said that last sentence made irritation swell up in B-312. How was she to know what his skill ranges were? As he opened his mouth to voice his annoyance, his attention snapped to Jorge, who was lifting a teen civilian girl from underneath a staircase.

"I've got a live one over here!"

Said girl was kicking and screaming as she was hauled forcibly from her hiding spot, obviously terrified of something, but what?

Carter seemed to tire quickly of the shouting and showed that.

"Jorgeâ€¦"

"I've got her." He then proceeded to place his turret down on the concrete floor and grab the girl, who was shouting in Hungarian, with both of his hands, lifting her up and setting her down in front of him.

"Keep still and I'll release you."

The civilian turned to him and said in a softer voice another sentence in Hungarian that immediately set Six on edge, considering he had bothered to get a brief understanding of Hungarian.

"Itt vannakâ€¦" _(But they are still hereâ€¦)_

As well as Six, Jorge stiffened as well, scanning the room again, before the Field Marshal Class Sangheili dropped down behind him, activating an Energy Sword as it did so, flanked by four Zealot Class Elites.

"Duck!" Six shouted, as he opened fire on the black and purple armoured alien.

Jorge dove to the floor, covering the civilian as he fell, while the Sword whipped inches over his Grenadier helmet.

After missing its first strike, the Elite growled a challenge to the rest of the Spartans and charged at Kat, who remained frozen to the floor, unable to act, until Carter shoved her out of the way and dodged the deadly blade.

The Sangheili's energy shielding dropped with a strangled popping sound as it became aware of B-312's continued fire on it. The massive alien charged at Six, knocking him flat against the floor before attempting to continue on, but fell, flailing to the ground as Six wrapped his armoured hands around one of its ankles, sending it prone.

A Zealot took the opportunity and leaped onto Six, pinning him down beneath its crushing weight, before igniting its wrist mounted Energy Dagger. As it prepared to strike, B-312 detached a hand from the Field Marshal's ankle and struck the Zealot in the maw, stunning it momentarily but only really angering it more, a fact shown as it

roared at his visor.

Six glanced around, hoping for aid, but there was none. Carter was tackling another Zealot with Kat, while Jorge was keeping the other two at bay with his turret, still shielding the screaming civilian. Six was alone for this one.

Focusing back onto the Zealot, he delivered another more powerful blow to its head, stunning it longer this time. While it recovered, he grabbed the wrist that the dagger was mounted on, twisted it until a sharp _crack _was heard and the Elite howled in pain.

Next, he let go of the Field Marshal Sangheili that he was holding with his left hand and using it, grabbed the Zealot's broken limb and swiped the still active Energy Dagger across its throat, going straight through the armour and destroying the major arteries located there.

Shoving the limp body off of him, Six stood and saw the Field Marshal resume its run back towards the entrance they had come from, but not before an item that resembled a data chip fell from a compartment in its armour.

The other members of Noble finished off the rest of the Zealots except for one, with its shields down and its comrade's dead, it roared defiantly at the team and retreated back towards the open door of the cargo hold.

Six, seeing this ran stealthily around a pair of concrete pillars before ending up behind the Zealot who was unaware of the one man behind it that was more lethal and ruthless than any of the other SPARTANS in front of it.

As it got within striking range, B-312, just like he had done to the Ultra-Class he had assassinated earlier, unsheathed his lengthened combat knife and jumped from the ground, onto the back of the Sangheili's knee, and using the height and momentum this gave him, thrust his clenched fist forward and buried 7 and a half inches of hardened laser cut steel and the leather grip pommel through its chin plating, up through its jaw and ending up out the top of its head. Not necessarily a clean kill, far from it, Six thought as he observed the sight of blood, brain and bone showing through the gaping channel carved by his knife, but effective. Excessively so.

"That's all of them Noble, I think we can stand down." Carter had taken the reins again, quickly and efficient, almost like nothing had happened at all.

_But that's probably a good thing, _B-312 mused silently.

"_That tango blew past me Commander. Permission to pursue?"

—

"Negative Four, stay on the entrance, Five, Six, Kat needs you to go reset a junction that will help get the power going again. Should be down through the cargo hold somewhere. Do it, get back here."

It seemed like a bit much to send two Spartans, one of them a Class II, to activate a single switch. It appeared that Jorge thought so as well.

"Sir, doesn't that seem a littleâ€¦ excessive?"

Carter looked at Noble 5 for a moment with a blank expression plastered on his face. But B-312, Ackerson's private grim reaper for so long, had learnt to drill beneath the surface and read what lay there.

He could see the immense exhaustion in his eyes after the surprise attack from the Elites, and his concern for the team's wellbeing.

"Better to be safe than sorry Jorge, and besides, the sooner we get the power back up, the sooner we can get back to the barracks for some sleep."

"Of course Commander, we'll handle it now."

As Jorge and Six made their way towards the open door of the cargo hold, we saw the flash of the data chip that the Field Marshal had dropped when it had fled. Changing direction, he went to retrieve it when a sensation passed through his armours sensors. Something he had never felt before. It felt odd, and not at all right.

"_I would have my masters know that I have changed, and you, you shall be my example."_

The voice resounded through his helmet transceivers, quiet, riddled with unknown static and hollowed. It sounded incredibly ancient, and rather human like, but that couldn't be right. Covenant, especially the Sangheili would never consent to carrying 'human filth' around with them, honour obsessed as they were.

Picking the chip up, he eyed it for a moment before placing it in his Tactical/Soft Case along with his C-4 explosives and otherâ€¦ useful items that don't need to be mentioned. Just that they were only halfway legal and ONI would skin him through his armour if they found out about it.

Jorge stood at the door, watching him curiously as he resumed his walk towards him, but remained silent as he slammed the door and they were left in darkness.

"_I see now that I was wrong to betray them."_

Again, the same voice, transmitted through his suit. What was it? More importantly, who was it? Could it even be called a who?

Six shook his head as if to clear it, only feeling a little better because of it. Jorge noticed the slight side to side movement of his helmet and felt prompted to ask a question to him.

"Six, you ok?"

The words seemed to shake the SPARTAN III out of his reverie and look towards the II questionly. Jorge repeated his question and was less than satisfied with the answer.

"Yeh, I'm fine."

Six looked at Jorge suspiciously through his helmet, not entirely sure why the heavy weapons specialist had asked about his wellbeing.

Why should he care? Not like anybody else has sinceâ€¦ her.

No! Don't think about that!

He blanked his mind quickly, expelling anything that was linked to what he had just thought.

"_Purposely forgetting memories helps no one in the long run reclaimer."_

He almost growled at the voice before a more rational thought hit him. How could theâ€¦ voice, if it could be called that, know his thoughts?

A low chuckle was all that graced him in reply.

They came to a room full of moving pillars and unsurprisingly, dead bodies, marines and otherwise.

"You go activate the junction Six, it should be somewhere over there."

An orange triangle that said 'ACTIVATE' flashed up onto his HUD.

"I'll stay here and keep watch."

Nodding once, B-312 continued down a small ramp and in between the moving pillars that contained data he presumed.

Entering the room that contained the junction, he stopped suddenly as the voice from before spoke to him again, and this time it didn't stop.

"_Greetings reclaimer, I know you must have questions, but they must wait for now."_

'_Who, or what, are you?_'_

"_My name is 05-032 Mendicant Bias."_

'_An AI?_'_

"_Correct, a Forerunner AI to be precise. Now, I must not tarry, I have something urgent I must tell you."_

'_Go ahead then.'_

"_The Covenant Hierarchy have me imprisoned in their home High Charity. Over the ages, they split me into many fragments, one of which the Field Marshal you encountered earlier carries. The chip of data in your armour compartment enables me to communicate with you, but only if my fragment is within range of it."_

'_Waitâ€¦ how far is the range?_'_

"_In your measurements, about a 2.7km radius until the signal expires. Now listen. Firstly, do not tell your superiors about me. Not yet anyway. And secondly, you need toâ€¦ liberate this fragment from the Covenant. At any opportunity. Promise me this._

'_I will.'_

"_Good, now I must go. The signal is almost out of-"_

"Six? Six! Is everything alright down there?"

Six snapped back to reality quickly as Jorge's voice boomed in over the comms. Damn, some time must have passed then. Certainly longer than it should have taken to activate the junction, which he now did, before answering Jorge.

"Yeh 5, everything's good. On my way up now, Six out."

Noble had moved from their mobile command centre to a permanent barracks that stationed companies Wyvern, Delta and Omega. It sported a massive training field that was filled with soldiers every day, a mess hall, multiple barracks and even a Mjolnir Armour testing facility where they housed, tested and stored new and field tested armour.

That was where B-312 was at the moment, riffling through the boxes of armour he had ordered, searching for something he might like. After around three quarters of an hour, he ended up with a set he felt was a whole lot better than his previous. Just another benefit of being part of the top Spartan III Commando team.

His new set consisted of the same Operator helmet, but it sported a new camera attachment and a dark red visor.

He wore a Security shoulder pad on his right shoulder, and a Grenadier one on his left. The wide Grenadier pad would protect him from incoming fire when aiming, while the Security wouldn't hinder his sight.

On his torso went an Assault/Sapper Chest piece, which was the same model as Emile's, but had only one bandolier of shotgun shells, and two of DMR and MA-15 Assault Rifle ammunition.

On his wrist plating went an upgrade of Carter's Tactical/TACPAD. The Tactical/UGPS had all the same features as its predecessor, but it could interact with Orbital Defence Platforms and data terminals.

He had his Tactical/SoftCase on like always, as it housed his precious C-4, the strange data chip that was acted as a relay link through to a Forerunner AI, and some other bits and pieces.

Finally, he painted his armour an even darker black than his previous armour, which had been more like charcoal grey than true black, like it was now.

Pleased with his efforts, B-312 attached his armour on, and made his way back to the barracks to rest, mindful of the saying that Mendez had drilled into him almost two decades ago now.

_Sleep whenever you can; you never know when you may not have it for

days on end._

And it had been more than true, as Six had found out. Multiple missions of his had been to just sit and stare at a certain doorway or window for up to days on end with no respite. It shone new light onto his views of sleeping only at night.

As he reached his bunkroom, Jun surprisingly exited the door, and the two Super-Soldiers almost bumped into each other before catching themselves.

Jun looked his new armour up and down before whistling appreciatively.

"Damn Six that is a fine set of armour you have there. Wish I had never taken that bet with Emile now that I see the range offered."

Naturally, this intrigued B-312 who out of curiosity, asked what this bet was.

Jun chuckled a little before replying, "He bet 50000 credits that I couldn't snipe 50 grunts when we were located in another system. I took it, and got to 49. There was one of the little suckers left and I was about to hit it, before Emile killed it with his kukri about half a second before I shot. Bastard still claimed he won the bet even though he knew I was gonna win."

Six shook his head mockingly at Jun.

"So is that how he bought all that fancy armour for himself?"

"Correctâ€|. Well, I'll see you round Six, I best be off. Need to get some shut-eye in case we get deployed somewhere suitable inhospitable."

B-312 nodded, before passing the sniper and shutting the door behind him, and lying down on his bed, chuckling morbidly when he saw the dozen titanium supports underneath it.

The Spartan was awoken halfway through the night by the alarm blaring into his helmet, both through the speakers and the room.

He contacted Carter quickly who informed him that the station was under attack by the Covenant, Brutes to be precise, with Grunts as cannon fodder. That alarmed Six, shockingly so.

Elites and Brutes were never in the same invasion, ever. The two races hated the other. Presumably because of the alpha spot in the military backbone, but it had always belonged to the Sangheili.

He had no clue whatsoever to why the two races were both here, but it couldn't be good.

B-312 sprinted into the armoury in front of several dozen troopers, and immediately grabbed a DMR off the rack along with an Assault Rifle, along with all the ammo he could carry; 400 armour piercing rounds for the MA-15, and about 15 clips for the DMR.

Making his way to the main front, Six took up a position on top of a roof, switching on his night vision and immediately spotting several Brutes and around 3 platoons of Unggoy.

A Brute Chieftain was in the middle of the ruckus, swinging a Gravity Hammer in a wide arc and decimating the soldiers quailing in front of it.

10 bullets later, its energy shielding failed and left the snarling beast taking a step back because of the force.

Diving to the side, it hoped to avoid the slugs flying towards it until its shields recharged, but to no avail. Three found their way through the helmet armour it was wearing and through its skull and out the back again.

The beasts momentum sent its deadweight onward, until it fell flat on a Grunt, crushing it and sending three others screaming and running.

Leaderless, the attack force presented much less of a threat as they milled around, trying to find a strategic area and being surrounded from all directions. A shooting gallery he might have said.

A channel blinked on his HUD as he went for another shot, casually opening it as he shot through three Unggoy at once, taking his tally up to 34 for the night.

"Good work Lieutenant, you need to get to the hangar ASAP. While this attacking force tried to catch us by surprise, ONI's Sword Base has come under attack as well. We've been asked to take care of the situation as their defensive forces are insufficient, Carter out."

"On my way sir."

He ran back through the corridors, stopping quickly at the armoury again to replenish his ammunition, before arriving at the hangar, where two Falcons were already heated up and waiting for his arrival.

"Bout time Six," snarked Emile, who was loading shells into his modified shotgun.

B-312 just looked at him for a moment before entering the opposite Falcon that contained Jorge and Kat.

Commander, seeing him in the gunship, signalled for take-off to the pilots, who immediately brought the birds up and into the air, exiting the hangar and heading for Sword.

Thanks for reading, really appreciate all the views and follows & favs, it means a lot. Quick question; anybody know how to add lines into the chapters, I've seen other Fanfics do it, but for the life of me, I cannot figure it out. :/ As always, Read and Review!

Sneak Peek Chapter 5-

The ride was mainly silent, turquoise water passing silently by underneath them, looking good enough to swim in, but Six knew better.

The water below was cold enough to induce hypothermia within minutes to anybody without the proper equipment.

As they neared their destination, Sword Control came onto the comms and warned; "Be advised Kilo-33 and Kilo-34, your current LZ is too hot!"

Carter replied coolly, "Roger that, Dot, stand by too receive and respond."

"Yes Commander, coordinates received, initiate immediate course correction."

Ah, Dot. Auntie Dot, to be precise. NOBLE's new 'dumb' AI, which had been issued to them on their way here. Six felt the same way about AI's as Jun and Emile did. They weren't human, and he would not, under any circumstances trust one with his life. But it wasn't his choice in the matter, and as he had learned, AI intelligence could be highly useful, as it was now.

"The Office of Naval Intelligence's Sword Base, is presently under attack from a Corvette Class Covenant Vessel. Due to the sensitive nature of this facility, use of Orbital Rounds has been, for the moment, prohibited."

Well that wasn't good. No orbital support meant they were on their own ground wise and would have barely any to none air superiority.

"Regrettably, my efforts on obtaining data on enemy forces has been unsuccessful, but current defensive forces are insufficient, ONI has requested Team Noble's direct intervention to help secure Sword Base."

With that Dot stopped talking and Commander started.

"Alright people, were stuck with that ship for the time being, let's focus on the hostile infantry, give those troopers a hand. Kat, Six you're out here. Jorge, Emile, your next, get prepped."

"Let's move Lieutenant!" Kat cried out as they leaped from the Falcon, which immediately flew off.

5. Sword Base

Apologies for taking forever and a day for getting the next chapter out, but I've been reasonably overwhelmed with the condition conveniently named 'Real Life'. Cheers to SpartaLazor for giving me the info on how to do a line. XD It was very much appreciated. Also! I've been trying to decide if I should start another Halo FF that involves a more prepared and lethal UNSC against the Covenant. Of course, main character would be an OC and all the major battles would take place i.e.: Harvest, Reach, Earth, Installation 04, 00, 02, and most of the others, but would have different outcomes because of a better UNSC. I wouldn't start it for a while, and I suppose I would tie it in with this story's canon. Oh, and I think I need to update my summary for this fic, all in favour? Anyway, get on with the chapter, I've dragged on enough. R&R!

* * *

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"_Let's move Lieutenant!" Kat cried out as they leaped from the Falcon, which immediately flew off._

Six took a single look around the courtyard that was presented to them and snorted out an almost inaudible line that unfortunately his comm picked up.

"ONI bastards..."

Kat glanced at him swiftly, helmet cocked in a curious stare, before turning back to the group of Grunts and roaring Sangheili that was beating its chest like a glorified baboon on the rampart. Carter's voice sounded suddenly in his helmet.

"_Kat, Six, push back the attack on Sword Base, find out what we're dealing with."_

Kats reply was almost instantaneous.

"Roger that, we're your strike team!" She then nodded at Six, who grinned under his helmet, knowing it was time to start the Covenant slaughter. He and Kat had always had a friendly rivalry in Beta Company, even if she no longer remembered it. They would fight to see who got the most kills. He had always won.

He raised his DMR, settled it comfortably against his shoulder, and began firing, the comforting staccato of the gunfire only interrupted by the party explosions he got for head shotting a Grunt, something he had coded into his HUD, and the breaks in shooting when he had to reload.

He and Kat ran forward, quickly overwhelming the Grunt troops in front of them and stood twenty metres from an overpass that led straight into the main bulk of the courtyard. Covenant shields could easily be seen, glowing bright blue like always.

"Six, go take out the split jaw to the right, he's been bragging about whatever for long enough I think."

Six nodded once, before running at the overpass and jumping, his gloves finding purchase on the edge of the covered walk, before hauling himself over and sinking immediately into a crouch, listening to the growling Elite.

Silently moving to the corner, he could see the Sangheili roaring confidently at the Marines down below, hefting its twin plasma rifles easily, with a warrior's stance. The elite bore white armour, an Ultra then. Ultra's had a lot of field experience apparently. Too bad it apparently hadn't learned the lesson '_Always watch you're six.' _

With an almost bored tone, he wedged his knife deep into its throat, letting it die slowly. While he was distracted, an overcharged plasma bolt impacted on his back, taking down his shields and making him stumble over the stilling body of the Elite.

Six dived to the side on instinct while taking the two plasma grenades the Sangheili had dropped upon its expiry, avoiding the other two plasma pistol shots that would have probably melted clean through his armour. Turning, he saw the cause of the annoying klaxon alarm that was sounding in his helmet. Two shielded jackals, ducked down on the other side of the bridge he had climbed up.

Well that was just great. Caught out by the same rule he had payed out the Sangheili with. Damn.

He swiftly took out the Kig-Yar, joining up with a trio of marines that had been fending off the squad of aliens that had been approaching. They saluted and promptly shot a Grunt to bits, chuckling as the methane tank set off and it flew around for a few seconds before impacting next to another Elite, which jumped sideways with a surprised growl. Even Six had to smile at that.

The humming of a Phantom Dropship was suddenly audible as it swept over the plaza, sending plasma bolts everywhere and causing every UNSC member jumping for cover. Five marines were obliterated a few

seconds before they reached cover, and the Phantom seemed content to just blast the hell out of any cover that remained while unloading its troops.

B-312 looked out from behind his cover, one of the stolen plasma grenades resting in the palm of his hand. He needed to disable the Phantom's turret, and explosives or rockets of some sort were the only way to do that. Of course, it helped that plasma grenades stuck immovably to an object once activatedâ€|

Activating the grenade, Six threw it hard and fast towards where he thought the turret should be. The grenade flew seemingly like a snail through the burnt air, but its aim was straight and true, and missed the turret.

Instead, it stuck to the cockpit of the phantom, glowed ominously and detonated, sending a Grunt flailing out the top, and the Phantom swerving dangerously, before smashing into a wedge of its own troops and detonating into a massive plasma fuelled fireball.

Despite his lucky kill, the only thing he could think of currently was the absurd statement of; "_They let Grunts drive those things?_"

Kat made her way over. "Nice work Lieutenant, come on, we need to keep moving." Carefully, they continued down a ramp, skirting the wreckage of the flaming dropship and running smack into a group of Skirmishers that were eyeing the downed Phantom nervously, knowing that any sort of outcome couldn't have been terribly good for them.

Recovering quickly, Six led with his fists, battering in one enemy's head and disembowelling another with his combat knife. Kat stunned one with her pistol before shooting it twice in the cranium. In this fashion, the Skirmishers were disabled swiftly and they continued to the front door of Sword Base.

"Noble 2 to Sword Control, courtyard is clear, over."

"_Head to the main gate to the east, I'll brief you as you go."_

Six saw a green ordnance insignia pop up on his HUD, and followed it to a series of boxes full of DMR's, ammo and best of all; a Target Locator.

"Sword Control, I see a Target Locaterâ€| any artillery support in the area?"

"_Limited, but we'll prioritize, what are we going to need, ma'am?_"_

One of the UNSC's most prized ordnances, whenever one hit the battlefield, everyone relaxed a little. Of course, you would, knowing that payloads of 500 pound bombs were shortly going to be dropped on your enemy.

The gate in front of them rumbled, and slowly withdrew into the ground, revealing the exterior of Sword Base, which looked like hell. Blood of all colours splashed the ground, and Six counted more body parts on the ground than there should be.

A platoon of marines huddled by some rocks, apparently taking full advantage of the lull in action, a grizzled sergeant glancing at them before turning back to his squad.

A burst of static fizzled onto the radio, followed by frantic voices.

"_Three-Echo-Five-Seven, headed back to base, but we got tangeros on our six, hot copy."_

A flaming warthog swerved around a distant outcrop of boulders, fleeing plasma fire. They were gunning it up the hill towards the gate, when a plasma mortar scored a direct hit and completely obliterated it. Numerous groans and sighs plagued the marines, before the sergeant restored order with a prompt;

"Shoot those bastards Marines!"

A squad of grunts led by an Elite Major ran from the direction the warthog had come, followed by two Wraith Tanks, which immediately opened fire. Kat, seeing an opportunity to put the Target Locator to use, shouted to Six, while simultaneously opening fire.

"Six! Use the Target Locator on that Wraith!"

He winked his acknowledgement light, before pulling out aforementioned weapon and lining up the Wraith that was furthest away. Pulling the trigger back, he let the laser sights engage on the target until a shrill _beep _was heard, signalling that the target was locked.

The Wraith, seemingly knowing the danger, tried to charge forward, hoping to take out some of the Marines in the coming firestorm, but only succeeded in ramming into the back of its companion tank.

The dull roar of jets were heard overhead, before a spectacular explosion rocked the ground and set everyone's ears ringing. The result was two melted slag heaps of metal that vaguely resembled the tanks that they once were.

"Outstanding!" Kat exclaimed in glee, probably from the dead covenant. Or maybe she was just a pyromaniac still, just like she was during Currahee. Of course, she hid it after she 'accidentally' burned down three cabins, and the Chief set her to bathroom duty for a month.

The dull whine of a Pelicans engines made itself heard in the sudden silence, appearing over a cliff face, before swinging itself around, revealing the Warthog magnetically secured to its arching tail. The dropship came within a few metres of the ground, before disconnecting the vehicle.

The Warthog landed with a solid thump, before bouncing back up slightly, settling on its wheels. Six moved to take the driver's seat, but stopped short when a familiar sarcastic voice greeted him instead of a wheel.

"Hey newbie, this hogs for old timers only." Snarked Emile.

Emile? What was he doing here? Six thought that Noble 4 was tag teaming with Jorge, not joyriding with them. Emile must have read the quizzical look from the tilt of his helmet, because he explained briefly.

"Commands orders, I expect they'll be contacting you any minute now."

As soon as he finished his summary, a channel opening blinked open on his HUD. Accessing it, he saw it was from ONI, of all people, although it made a bit of sense, considering Sword was an ONI location.

"_SPARTAN-B312, this is Admiral Parangosky, Head of ONI. As you may be wondering why I have contacted you at a seemingly inconvenient time, let me explain briefly."_

Six considered this for a moment, before acknowledging the admiral with a short; "Of course ma'am."

The line was silent for an instant, before Parangosky continued.

"_A well known fact about Corvette-Class Covenant vessels is that they don't have shields, much to our fortune. As you can see, the vessel attacking SWORD is a corvette. What we need you to do is infiltrate that ship, extract any information you can, find out whatever the Covenant are planning on Reach, and finallyâ€¦ blow the hell out of it for us would you Lieutenant?"_

"Understood ma'am, it'll be done. Six out."

Wellâ€¦ as if today wasn't hard enough already. Six turned to Kat and Emile, who were on the Warthog already, watching him.

Re-opening the COM with them, Six explained his situation, before telling them to go complete what had been his previous objective.

Emile's parting words were "Watch yourself, newbie; we don't need to replace another 6 so soon."

And the 'hog pulled away, roaring and bouncing west, towards Airview Base, where the first objective marker was set.

* * *

><p>To say Carter was mad was an understatement. He was downright furious with ONI and Parangosky at that moment, for sending his newest team member on a lone wolf mission, onto a Covenant Naval Vessel, alone! Granted, it wasn't an Assault Carrier, but the fact remained that it was Six against an invasion force.

Although he was betting on Sixâ€¦

Sorry for this being a smaller than usual chapter, wanted to get it out quickly (who am I kidding? It's been over 4 months since I last updated, hah.) So anyway, hope you enjoy the next deviation from canon, with Six going to infiltrate the Corvette. As always, R&R, and see you all soon.

6. Solo Once More

****Sorry this took a while to get up. Since its not canon I had to think a lot about how I was going to write it. Enjoy.****

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* * *

><p>--[Sergeant William Sanders, Charlie Company (retired)]=-

"_Reach was the worst place to be at the time. Covies everywhere. And the worst part was, we thought it was a battle we could win." _

* * *

><p>Six was currently moving towards SWORD's airfield, which ironically, was located below Airview Base. He could have caught a ride with Emile and Kat, but they were long gone, and if he strained his ears, he could faintly catch the sounds of gunfire from the west. That still didn't solve his dilemma of how to get to the airfield, let alone the damn Corvette, which was stationary around 500 feet above it, content to just bomb the hell out of SWORDS defences and send its numerous troops to engage the human resistance.<p>

He trudged along the rock-strewn road, heading towards the sounds of chaos that were emanating from the direction of his destination. Cresting a small rise, he saw the flaming remains of a Ghost Swift Attack Vehicle and some Covenant infantry littering the ground. Guessing this must have been the way Kat and Emile had come, he continued straight instead of following the curve of the road, which led to a cliff, down to the level ground surrounding the airfield.

Scaling a cliff down to the airfield wasn't easy, as stray rockets; bullets and plasma constantly impacted the ground around him, oftentimes causing him to slide several feet before maintaining a more stable purchase. Lithely leaping down onto level ground, Six straightened and hefted his DMR before advancing slowly; knowing stealth was key in getting onto that Corvette.

Taking cover behind a boulder that had numerous plasma marks strewn over it, Six took the opportunity to scan the terrain, noting the positions of the dogfights that were currently occurring. The Covenant were winning the majority of these, with the fighting prowess of the Sangheili giving them the edge over the UNSC Marines, although they had defeated a number of groups. Even so, it would still be difficult to sneak by.

Six didn't consider himself particularly lucky, but even he had to admit that he had hit the jackpot when he spotted the outline of a camouflaged Elite directly in front of him, facing the opposite direction he was approaching from. A quick knife buried deep into its throat left him with the job of figuring out how to disengage the active camouflage unit from the Sangheili and operate it.

It was simple to remove and attach it to his MJOLNIR, but activating it was an entirely different matter. Fiddling with it for a time, Six eventually noticed a catch located at the side of the device, that when pressed, made the object thrum with energy and envelope him in camouflage. Hopefully all that attentive Sangheili could notice now was a ripple of disjointed air moving swiftly towards the gravity lift of the Corvette.

A screaming Marine was thrown bodily in front of Six, causing him to slide to a swift halt from his dead man's sprint across the flat and war torn terrain. Turning, he uppercutted the following Elite directly in the jaw, knocking it flat on its back, stunned. A final stomp on its head finished it. The Marine was looking wildly around for his saviour, murmuring thanks and prayers under his breath. The name tag on his left breast read _Private William Sanders, _and below that, in smaller writing;_ Charlie Company, _the company that was stationed at Sword.

Six, knowing he couldn't afford to be spotted by anyone, grudgingly picked up his run again, almost halfway to the waypoint he had set under the Corvette.

After a few minutes without anymore incident, Six arrived at the gravity lift situated on the Corvette's 'stomach'. After spending a few minutes studying the lift, and watching several Covenant be beamed up and down, he thought he had a considerable idea of how to get up. Rising from his crouch, he moved towards the lift.

Six stepped into the gravity lift with anticipation. Nothing happened for a moment; before he felt his boots leave the ground. Looking up, he saw the underbelly of the Covenant vessel draw closer and closer, before it entirely blocked out the sky. Then, as suddenly as it began, he was in the ship, face to face with two Hunters. He stiffened and drew breath sharply, thanking his lucky stars that he had left the camouflage on.

Slowly sneaking around behind the pair of monstrous aliens, Six recalled what he needed to do. Parangosky had said that he was to find out what the Covenant were doing on Reach, and destroy the ship. Both of those objectives would have to be done in the bridge, which in most Covenant ships was located in the middle of the superstructure. He had entered the rear hangar, which meant he needed to go right, towards the large glowing doors on the opposite side of the bay.

The doors hissed open gently, and without pause he strode through, determined to reach the bridge as quickly as possible. It wasn't easy, constant enemy patrols streamed by, going in all directions. Because of all these delays, Six was forced to take things extremely slowly, sneaking with deliberateness around Grunts, Elites, Jackals, and another few pairs of Hunters. Hunters were the only Covenant species that Six had any type of fear for, due to one of his earliest memories. A memory he was not keen to reflect on. And as such, he was the most careful around these behemoths.

In due time though, he found a number of high-ranking elites walking through a bigger and more decorated door, which led him to assume that this was the bridge of the Corvette. It was obvious that they were high ranking because they wore Zealot and Field Marshal armour configurations and the overly large head pieces of an accomplished Sangheili. Making a mental note in his head to upload all known schematics of Covenant vessels to his neural cortex, he followed them stealthily, taking note of the positions of each and every alien species in the room, while advancing to where a long panel of controls were placed against a wall. He was moving towards these particular controls because of the throne like structure that sat in front of them, with a Sangheili lounging in it, barking orders at the other officers in the room.

Taking it slow, he carefully moved around behind the Sangheili, and towards the consoles, where he was met by a multitude of glowing buttons that he had no idea how to operate. Sticking a download port into a random part, Six hit 'download all files' on the screen and was met with possibly the quickest download he had ever gotten on a mission. Now he was met with the problem of removing the ship. It wasn't as if he could just press every button in sight, for all he knew he could cause the Corvette to loose one of its plasma torpedos at SWORD. There was one thing he could do however...

Reaching into his utility bag, he pulled out a square of C4 and wedged it in underneath the controls. Not his finest work, but explosions will do there stuff. No matter how badly rigged. With that done, Six stuck a remote detonator to it and flicked the activation switch. He had another idea on how to destroy the Corvette, but it would be a lot harder.

First, he needed to find the reactors that powered the Corvette. From the same schematics he had seen, Six could guess that they would be located at the rear, which coincidentally was where the thrust boost from the engines they powered were visible. That being said, getting to the back of the ship was once again no easy task. The same patrols and squads he had encountered before had almost tripled in quantity and frequency, and Six's stealth skills were put to the test again and again, oftentimes resulting in him dragging a Grunt that had been too nosy for its own good by the neck and out of sight. There was also a dead radio silence inside the Covenant ship, so Six had no idea what was happening outside the never ending purple maze of xenophobic hell.

Which was why Six nearly jumped a metre into the air when it crackled to life and Mendicant Bias started speaking to him through it in his ancient voice.

"_Greetings Reclaimer. We meet once more." _

Six waited for a moment before replying, checking the corridor he was in was void of anything but him and purple.

"Compliments Mendicant Bias. Is there a reason your contacting me at this point in time?"

"_Reclaimer, for both of our benefits I believe it would be prudent for you to just refer to me as Mendicant. And the purpose I am contacting you for is a simple one. I am here to help you in your mission."_

Six considered this for a moment, before nodding in agreement, willing to admit he could use a hand here.

"Fine Mendicant, so, what have you got to offer me that will assist this operation?"

Mendicant chuckled in a low rumbling tone.

"_Patience Reclaimer, you will get to your goals no faster by rushing. The reactors, which you seek, are to the east. Once there I will give you more instructions."_

"Alright then, will do, contact will be resumed when at location. Just one more thing. Is the Field Marshal that was carrying your chip here or are you in the hands of some other Sangheili?"

This time the AI took a minute to reply.

"_Correct, I am in the hands of a General Classed Sangheili by the name of Ruk Vatamus. He is in charge of the ground forces currently breaking into your SWORD Base. He intends to use me to decrypt your files and learn your secrets so the Covenant can discover the

location of a holy artefact, one of which is located here, on humanity's Planet Reach."_

It was almost too much for the SPARTAN III to take in. So the Covenant wanted these holy artefacts that were scattered around the galaxy, presumably because they were holy. One of them was on Reach, which is why Six guessed haphazardly that they hadn't started glassing immediately. And to top it off, this was being told to him by an AI that was made by a race that vanished a hundred thousand years ago.

"Ok, tell me about the holy artefact stuff later, and I'll see if I can get Vatamus. But right now I need to finish the mission I was given Mendicant." Six glanced around, making sure no Covenant had decided to come along the corridor.

"_Of course, Reclaimer,"_ replied Mendicant smoothly.

"_The reactors to the Corvette, as I said before, can be found directly east. Once there I will give you the information you need to disable them."_

"Alright, Six out."

Now knowing where he was going, Six headed back into the stream of Covenant, weaving in and out of their squads. Once he came back across the hangar, he knew he was headed in the right direction. The same Hunter pair that he had almost walked into on arrival were still there, standing guard over the rest of the hangar.

Crossing the massive room, he entered a door on the opposite side this time, which opened into another corridor that was perfectly identical to the one on the other side of the hangar. If Six had to hazard a guess, he would say that the corridors were ones that ran the length of the vessel, which was convenient to him because he could just piggy back along it until he found where his destination was located.

Keeping his footsteps as light as possible and centre of balance perfectly stable, Six made his way down the corridor, which was teaming with Covenant - when he said perfectly identical, he meant it. Roughly five minutes later he came across the engine room, where he made his way to a secluded corner and waited for Mendicant to open contact again, which he thought was inevitable, since the AI was probably monitoring all of his movements.

He was proven right when his radio crackled and the AI began speaking.

"_I see you found the engines Reclaimer. Excellent. Now, if you turn to where you entered, you will see a door to the far right of that wall. Go through it and you will find the reactor chamber. Disable them, and the ship loses all power to everything; anti-gravity generators, engines, electrical equipment and whatever else is powered via those reactors."_

Six nodded, realising the opportunity that destroying the reactors presented. Seeing the door that Mendicant had pointed out, he crossed to it and found it was locked. He tried opening it using force and the result was that the door did not budge a single bit. Standing

back, Six had to resist the urge to scratch his chin in puzzlement, an action that he still retained from his childhood before induction to the SPARTAN III Program.

Fortunately, Mendicant stepped in before any more valuable time passed.

"_I shall open the door Reclaimer, just a second."_

Six stood for a moment, watching the door intently, before it glowed purple suddenly and slid back, showing a smaller room with two reactors.

Coming up to them, Mendicant began telling him exactly what to do on the glowing console that was connected to the two reactors. The console had 4 circular buttons that were arrayed in a straight line across the board.

"_Reclaimer, press the buttons in this precise order; Far left, middle right, middle left, far right, middle left. This will disable the reactors. A warning however; the deactivation of the reactors will send alarms to the bridge. Be prepared to fight."_

"I understand."

Six pushed the buttons in the order he had been told, and almost instantly heard the wail of sirens blaring throughout the ship. Thinking this was as good a time to set off that C-4 as any, Six hit the detonation switch, feeling the shudder run through the ship only seconds later.

Ten seconds later, Mendicant urgently burst through onto his radio.

"_Reclaimer, there has been a complication. The software programming the reactor shutdown requires ten minutes to be irreversible. You need to stay here and hold off the Covenant until that happens."_

There were complications in every assignment...

"Understood Mendicant. Can you give me a read on how many bogies are coming?"

"_Unfortunately not Reclaimer, I am limited in what I can for now, since I am not actually with you."_

Damn.

"I understand, Six out."

All he could do now was wait for the Covenant to come. Setting a timer for nine minutes and thirty seconds on his HUD, Six checked the arms and ammo he had available.

A Designated Marksman's Rifle with 10 spare clips, thanks to the added ammunition pouches on his new armour chest piece.

An MA-15 Assault Rifle with 300 spare rounds, not including the clip currently loaded.

Two .42 Magnum side arms that were attached to the magnetic holsters on his hips.

And finally, an SMG on his thigh holster. In other words, he was armed practically to the teeth. It should be enough to hold off the Covenant that would swarm into the bottleneck. If it filled up to the point of it getting a bit much, he could easily toss a frag grenade or two into the middle of the mayhem, switch things up a little bit. But for now, he could only wait.

It wasn't for long. The chatter of Grunts could be heard almost instantly, along with the barking commands of Elites. Jackal shields could be heard clashing against each other in the narrow corridor outside the door. Six took position in one of the far corners, his DMR aimed directly at the door.

There was a pause for a moment, before the door slid open with a soft hiss. A squad of Grunts stood in the doorway, peering around, looking for any source of danger. They would never know exactly how much they were in however, because in almost exactly the same instance, one's head was blown all over the place in a grotesque explosion by a DMR bullet. Three more followed in the next two seconds. The final one shivered and screamed before turning to run, before another bullet sheared clear through the hose that fed the packs methane to the Grunts mask, sending it cartwheeling towards the rest of the waiting Covenant. Its detonation didn't kill anything, but sent a few Jackals scrambling backwards in shock.

The Sangheili growled and gestured the rest forward. They did, reluctantly and more DMR rounds that issued from Six's rifle mowed all of them down. He had to reload though, and when he did, the Covies made a break for it, moving quickly into the room and behind cover. Some of them anyway. A surprised Elite fell in a four shot combo that removed it's personal shields in three and emptied its head in the last. Eight minutes left on the timer.

Six then switched his DMR to his Assault Rifle, opening fire abruptly and mowing down three Grunts. A group of Jackals locked shields in a phalanx formation and advanced forward slowly, but surely. Not wanting to waste precious ammunition on taking down the shielding, Six lobbed a grenade at their feet, where it detonated and blew apart the formation, leaving four of the Kig-Yar dead and another two fatally injured.

Another Elite, a Spec-Ops class this time, roared in anger and charged at the SPARTAN recklessly, while Six just sprayed its shields relentlessly until they popped just as the Sangheili reached him. Quickly stepping to the side, the Elite rushed past him, unable to stop. Striking as quickly as a snake, Six twisted and slammed his fist into the back of the Sangheili's neck, breaking it and condemning him to a slow death.

Reloading quickly, Six continued spraying rounds into the Covenant offensive. But for every Covie he slew, it seemed two more took said Covenant's place. The timer read five minutes left. He could hold them off, he had to. Drawing his Magnums, he fired into the crowd, scoring a headshot for every bullet he fired. But even he, the legendary lone wolf was losing ground. The enemy was returning fire en masse now, draining his shields until a klaxon sounded. Ducking

behind a reactor casing, he waited for them to recharge before popping back up, firing on anything he laid eyes on.

The Elites were hanging back, probably waiting until he was low on ammo before moving in for the kill. Heck, he even spotted a Zealot back there, gripping an Energy Sword and a Plasma Repeater.

Deciding to change things up on the Covenant, he scooped up a few plasma grenades that had fallen from dead Covenant corpses, primed them, then threw them as hard as he could into the group, causing chaos and decimating their numbers. It was then that the Elites made their move.

A group of three charged, shooting while sprinting towards him with their plasma rifles. He cut one of them down, but could not remove the other before they were upon him, swinging their weapons like clubs, hoping to knock him around. Ducking under the first blow, he drew his combat knife and slammed it into one of the Sangheili's legs, just above the knee joint, causing it to scream in pain and fury, before it collapsed, the leg unable to take its weight.

This enraged its comrade, who roared at the ceiling before he redoubled his efforts. The Sangheili was obviously an excellent hand to hand fighter, but his anger put him off. Six dodged and ducked around the attacks, fending them off as best he could. The Elite swung a little too far on a right hook, opening himself up to Six, who kicked the Elite savagely in the leg, causing it to stumble backwards a step, allowing the SPARTAN to leap up and embed the knife deep into its frontal lobe, causing an instant death.

Stomping quickly on the other Sangheili to subdue it, he turned to the other Elites who were quickly becoming as enraged as their fallen brethren, the Zealot particularly. This was worrying to him, because he had no wish to get in a sword fight in this extremely enclosed area.

Fortunately, aforementioned Elite didn't attack, but stayed still growling in anger. The others though, had no such inhibitions and charged, flattening a Grunt that got into their way. Six was ready for them this time, and pegged a plasma grenade at the middle Elite, sticking it and killing it, blowing out the shields of the other two Sangheili and severely burning them, but they were put out of their misery by two Magnum shots.

The clock on his HUD hit zero, and Mendicant instantly contacted him.

"_Reclaimer, it is done, now move if you want to escape with your life!_"_

Six took these words to heart and readied himself, looking at the Zealot blocking his way, frantically trying to come up with a way to get past it. His eye caught the grenade pocket on the Sangheili's armour configuration, and he grasped his last frag grenade, a plan forming in his mind. A stupid plan that if it didn't work would get him killed for sure, or if it did work would get him past the murderous alien with a sword that could cut through _anything._

Six ran, bowling through Grunts and Jackals alike, not caring if his shields took hits, just aiming for the Elite standing in front of

him, baring a snarl upon its jowls.

The Zealot drew back his sword and swung, timing it so that it would catch Six as he got into range, and for all intents and purposes it looked like it was game over, until the SPARTAN pulled his rabbit out of a helmet.

Six dived, curling into a somersault, passing underneath the pronged ends of the sword, that he could hear crackling centimetres over him, time seemed to slow, as he came midway through the flip. As he did so, he pulled the ring off of the frag grenade in his hand, and instantaneously deposited it in the grenade sack he had spotted earlier, before continuing the flip. Time sped up again as he rose, continued running from the confused Zealot, before halting momentarily to watch the show that was going to occur any second

â€œ

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

The sound of multiple grenades going off at once was almost likened to the sound of a Spartan Laser, but with a lot more force. Even from fifteen metres away, Six was blasted clean off his feet and onto his back, sliding for a few metres, where he lay still, stunned.

The Zealot had been obliterated, turned to cinders, and then the cinders had been vaporised. And to top it off, the ceiling cracked and caved in, trapping the remaining Covenant in with the reactors.

Six groaned and got to his knees, trying to clear the blur from his eyes. Everywhere was flickering with purple fire, due to the reactors imminent meltdown and his 'little' stunt, reducing the once spick and span vessel to a smouldering wreck in the sky.

He had to escape from this death-trap, but how? The gravity lift. Maybe he could jump down. Getting to his feet, Six staggered for a moment before picking up speed, going as fast as he was able towards the hangar. Reaching it in record time, he moved towards the lift, before an ear-splitting roar caused him to dive sideways for his life as a Hunter thundered past.

You're joking!?!

Evidently not, as a green glow built up around a second Hunter's cannon, causing him to career to his feet and sidestep the poison green beam of death.

He needed to get out before the Corvette blew its top, but the Hunters were blocking the gravity lift which he had planned to escape.

Mulling it over in his mind hurriedly, he tried to think of a solution in which to kill the Hunters. He had one plasma grenade left, which he could use to...

Pulling out the grenade, Six primed it and tossed it as accurately as he could towards the closest Hunter. The grenade's aim was true, and slipped past the Hunter's warding shield, sticking it directly in the gap between its helmet and neck armour, right in amidst the writhing worms that it was made of.

The grenade exploded, destroying the Hunter's head, neck and most of its shoulder from the inside out, causing a river of orange blood to spurt from the openings and gaps in its armour.

The Hunter fell, causing the ground to shudder. Its bond mate screamed in absolute rage and let loose a shot into the ceiling, which was already severely weakened by the infrastructure of the Corvette tearing asunder. A groaning, ominous sound was heard, and a chunk of ceiling directly above the Hunter fell, flattening it and covering the gravity lift completely, blocking his route of escape. Muffled roars from under the jagged tangle of metal showed the Hunter was still very much alive but trapped.

Six was turning his head, searching for any possible route of escape. Beneath his feet, the Corvette groaned as the pressure of the reactors became too much, and it began to fall apart. Behind him, a massive hole opened in the side of the vessel, providing Six with his answer and an escape.

He didn't need any encouragement as Mendicant roared, "Jump!" in his helmet, as he ran and flung himself out the hole, plummeting to the ground.

He twisted as he fell the 500 metres to the ground. The Corvette must have gained height since his entrance. But the thing was ruined, smoking and splintered. Then suddenly, the entire ship was engulfed in a ball of blue energy exploding outwards, pulsing into him and sending him even faster towards the ground at a 40 degree vector. All he could do was lock his armour and wait. Suddenly, he felt something smash into his back, and shrieking sounds of metal rendered asunder, before everything went black.

* * *

><p>Carter watched the screens as Six did the work in the Corvette. The rest of Noble had been here as well, but he had sent them to fend off the Covenant ground troops that had regrouped and were attempting to make an entrance into Sword. He was sure they would all have heard the massive explosion and seen the light that the Corvette made as it detonated. Six had smashed through SWORD Base's top level, and had come to a stop on a balcony on the opposite side of the direction the Corvette had attacked from. That must have been one violent explosion.<p>

"Why do they always jump?" He thought to himself as he sent a few marines to check on Six, before standing up to follow.

It didn't matter he supposed, it was a mission done once again, and Six was still alive. An alert on his HUD showed a communication line wanting to speak to him. Entering it, he was greeted with the words;

"_Greetings Noble 1, this is Dr Halsey..."_

* * *

><p>Hi everyone! Sorry it took so long to get this out, but I made it quite lengthy to make up for that. Hope you all enjoyed Six's solo through the ship, since I enjoyed writing it. Also, I won't be

including a sneak peek of chapter seven since I want to see how it goes without one for a chapter. I still want to hear about the idea I put out last chapter in one of the AN's so please give me some feedback on that as well. :) As always, R&R and enjoy.**

End
file.